SOUTHERN MOONLIGHT.

Mellow moon of the South, maiden of midnight glory,
With your tenuous veil of orient amber spun,
Ah, but you tell me still the same love-memoried story
Of the asphodelian slopes, and the young Endymion.
—Clinton Scollard, in Lippincott's Magazine.

....A HALT.... ON THE ROAD TO SUCCESS

By KATHERINE GLOVER,

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

IT all sounds so easy when you read about it in books and terse quotations—the road to success. A few abstract, smooth-rolling phrases about perseverance and courage, with very little concerning the snags and the pitfalls, and nothing at all to say of the balm to use for stumped purposes and broken limbs of resolution.

I am young, and I awake early repeating to myself again and again: "I will make this a day of great things!" And on that, "I will" I stop the trival buttoning of my waist to crush my hand in determination; my chin unconsciously take on a John L. Sullivan angle, and my mouth goes rigid. Let him oppose who dares! Then I go on buttoning my waist and the button rolls off just the same, taking with it a large lump of my determination. And all day long buttons keep rolling off, (figuratively, I hasten to add) until by night, perhaps, there is not a single one left, and my determination, detached, has slipped off.

I go out alone at twilight for a thoughtful walk. Success germs are literally swarming all over me. I say to myself, softly, "I will succeed! Others have, so will I!" Again the hand clinches and something within me swells. "I will!" I say again to the sunset, and then to some fancied obstacle, "You shall not daunt me!" in such a tone that any but the rudest obstacle would surely scuttle scared away.

My idea of success is rather dim, but it puffs me up and makes me feel airy and apart from the world. The horizon of my dreams looks rose colored and far away—it is a great, big, world-encompassing dream that I take with me on my twilight walk.

I read sketch after sketch of lives of great men in the magazines, in the papers, everywhere. On all sides I meet with these little biographies of success. They stir me and stimulate me. So I say, "They did; I will. I will work hard as they worked hard, and I, too, will succeed. I will persevere without ceasing; I will make sacrifices to my work, worship always at its shrine; and then I will do things that shall make the world stop in its course and wonder."

One thing rankles a little. Always in the biographies there were pretty tales of the hero's determination, poverty bound though his youth was, to go to college; and just as sure as his path was littered with difficulties, so sure was he to trample them down and pass on triumphantly to the open doors of the college. Now, I, in my very young days, hugged to myself a dream of college life. It pillowed me to sleep many a night. Not that there seemed the slightest probability of its fulfillment, indeed there was every reason to suppose it could not possibly come to pass, but what mattered that to my dream? (Indeed, would a dream be a dream, all pumped up with probability?) So I cherished it none the less and felt perfectly certain that I could not possibly be cheated of my rightful heritage. I saw pleading philanthropists trooping forward to help in such a good cause. But the day of graduation came to hand and the expected philanthropists had forgotten their cue and failed to appear upon the stage of my well ordered dreams. The stupid problem of work presented itself to me with the same harshness that it would to any ordinary non-heroine being. It was my unmistakable part to pitch in and help the family finances—it might sound well in books and biographies, but in real life it was prosaic, deadly dull—and inevitable.

Of course, I might have chucked duty, borrowed money of some abundantly provided friend and gone on to college, leaving the family to shoo the wolf away without my help. And I admit that if I had been truly great I could have managed to get my college education and still have kept the family going with the proceeds of chocolate fudge or Welsh rarebit concocted at odd hours for classmates. But my greatness was not that great, and I gulped down with a hard swallow my college dream and delved into work—some small newspaper position, in which I chose to see large possibilities. My eyes are of the kind that naturally adjust themselves to magnifying glasses.

And so my career began. It was hard, cruelly hard, with snags and tumbles unnumbered during that first year. But it could be only a little while, I though, before some brilliant future would open up to me. I worked hard, so hard that sometimes there came tears of bitterness that blurred the magnifying glasses for a moment. It was work so distasteful, so unlike my dreams had pictured. But then my thoughts reverted to the biographies. All great people had been so hampered. I took comfort, resorted to the "I will" process; I turned my thoughts successward and redoubled my energies. With perhaps a small feeling of pride in the self sacrifice, I gave up my friends and frivolities and stuck to my work.

To be sure, all my efforts were not without their reward. The monthly stipend grew somewhat stouter, responsibilities were added to me, and occasional compliments began to drift my way from the editor's desk. My position was changed until, after three years, I began in a tiny way to be somebody. "Kind friends, sweet friends," began to meet me with pleasant words on my "wonderful success," and dear old ladies congratulated my mother on her daughter's "brilliant career," until her head was quite turned. I admit I felt at times a bit puffed up with importance, but in the noon glare of my consciousness I had to hide a smile at the absurdity of it all; for I knew in my dream-filled heart that this they called success was not even a faint shadowing of what I had determined on. I tried to write now and then things that my best fancy dictated, and though there were words of praise from a scattered few, I knew that the callous editor read them not at all, or, if he did, probably commented, "pretty good rot, I guess, if anybody likes that kind of stuff."

Four years, five years have gone and the horizon is still far, far away and a little cloudy; the brilliant future, it seems, is under lock and Fate appears to have mislaid the key. I stop a bit and look about me. I have never loosened my grasp for a moment on the dream of success, indeed I have fed it fatter all the time and have worked toward it always; but so far as results go, I seem just as many leagues away from that future. I have written a dozen or more things that I thought really good, quite worthy to go to the magazines as fore-runners of what is to come from my pen in the day of my greatness. The dozen or more, somewhat soiled and travel worn, are still in my desk, having shown no disposition to stay long away from me.

I can think of nothing the subjects of biographies could possibly have done that I have not done. And now, takihg a pause to look about me, I sit right down in the middle of the road—the same that I have been traveling at such a furious pace, seeming to get nowhere in particular—and ponder a little. Could they have been wrong, all those biographies, or is it that I am all wrong? With such perfect unanimity they told the same story, only the names and dates varying.

Now what am I to do, poor, misled worker that I am? Having heretofore walked always with my nose down to the rules of success carefully laid out in the books, I think in future I shall throw biographies to the winds and begin living out a new, strange biography all my own. I shall work as I wish, unfettered, unguided by others' experience, and though, and probably, the little tin god Success may still turn up his little tin nose at me, I shall have my joy and my freedom. Biographies of the great ones may go hang!—National Magazine.

The Danger of Dust.

One other cause of illness prevalent in hot, dry weather is dust, and this, with a little attention, might be abated. The usual practice of municipal authorities is still to sweep the perfectly dry and dust-laden streets in the small and early morning hours by means of powerful machine brushes, with the net result that the dust—at least, its finer particles—is sent whirling into the air only to fall again; the particles are rearranged, not removed.

The problem has been solved in the cities of London, Westminster and Paris, and perhaps in others, by washing the streets in the early morning and sweeping them afterward if necessary. This insures the removal of the dust without playing at the eternal Sisyphus-like task of stirring up over and over again the same dust particles, a sort of "scavenger's labor lost." With regard to country roads, the plan of applying a chemical substance greedy of water, such as calcium chloride, to the roadway has been tried with advantage. "Westrumite," a combination containing this substance, has been used in many places with success so far as bicycles and motors are concerned. The hydroscopic body absorbs moisture from the air, and thus keeps the roads damp. The question of the influence of such substance on horses' hoofs and on rubber tires has still to be considered.—British Medical Journal.

As trade now stands, there is not enough gold out of the earth, if it were all coined, to transact the business of a day.

CAUSES OF STRANGE FIRES.

Chemicals and Other Combinations Which Produce Conflagrations --- Some Pointers For Housekeepers and Others.

IT is not generally known that a combination of indigo and linseed oil is a prolific source of destructive fires. Fabrics dyed with indigo and finished with a preparation of linseed oil will, if stored in a confined place, take fire of themselves. It was only a few years ago that a dry goods house was nearly destroyed because the proprietor did not know the destructive qualities of oil and Indian dye. Lampblack, when packed away in an ill-ventilated room, often generates enough heat to set itself afire. The laboratory of a perfumer was nearly wrecked by an explosion. The maker of scents believed that a discharged employe had set fire to the building, but it was shown that the fire was due to the evaporation of a high spirit in a room in which a small laboratory gas stove had been left burning.

In all manufacturing establishments a frequent cause of fires is the rubbing of leather belting against the edges of the aperture through which it passes from floor to floor.

In a fancy goods house a large iron vault was blown open by some force generated within and there issued a sheet of flame. Nobody had been in the vault for at least twelve hours. The steel box was filled with paper dolls, between each pair of which there was a film of celluloid. A three-inch steam pipe was placed against the rear of the vault, and the heat it gave out had raised the temperature to such a degree that the celluloid had taken fire. Gun cotton is one of the component parts of celluloid films and the explosion was the natural result of a combination of the gun cotton and high temperature. One of the most stubborn fires which ever visited St. Louis had its origin in a plate glass window. The pane concentrated the heat of the August sun upon a celluloid comb. The comb blazed and sputtered and soon other samples of celluloid which were around it were on fire. The flames communicated to the remainder of a stock of inflammable merchandise.

The overwhelming fondness of mice for sulphur has been the cause of many fires. A fireman told the writer that he had in several cases seen nests of matches which the rats and the mice had made between the floors of buildings. It is no unusual thing to find that rodents have lined their abodes with the brimstone anointed sticks. The mice and rats will steal an old-fashioned sulphur match whenever they get an opportunity and take it away to chew at their leisure. The gnawing process results in the igniting of the matches, and there follows a mysterious and suspicious fire. The rodent regards paraffin as a choice delicacy. If the insulation of an electric wire contains this waxy product of petroleum the rats will eat it. The bared wire thus becomes a ready means of starting a blaze.

In many cases the steamfitter is responsible for destructive fires. If a steam pipe is too close to woodwork a slow process of carbonizing takes place. A little extra heat or a draught of air may fan a flame from the carbonized wood. Another cause of conflagrations is the carelessness of carpenters. From time immemorable it has been a habit of the trade to sweep the shavings in between the joists of floors. If either the wire or the shavings were properly insulated there would be no trouble. But in one way or another the wire is exposed and communicates a spark to the shavings which may be lying near it. The sparks may smolder for days, and then, in the dead of night, there comes a cry of "Fire!"

FIRE TRAPS OF THE RICH.

The houses of the wealthy, even in these days of fireproof construction, are often greater fire traps than the meanest tenements. The flues in the abodes of wealth and luxury are often defective. In many cases only the width of a brick intervenes between intense heat and highly varnished and inflammable cabinet work. Rich hangings and upholstered furniture give the food upon which the fire feeds. Defective electric wiring has many sins to answer for in these days. Electricians who are supposed to be competent will cross wires and violate nearly every principle of common sense and electrical science. Some of them lead strands of wire through wooden boxes, which, in the event of fire, become roaring flues. Some of the most destructive fires known in the large cities have been due to carelessness in placing the wires for electric lighting.

There is a mysterious property in dust which, under certain conditions, produces violent explosions. There have been instances in postoffices where the dust of the mail bags suspended in the rear of a close room exploded with terrific force. Dust explosions are of frequent occurrence in flour and drug mills.

Spontaneous combustion covers a multitude of sins of carelessness. The origin of many fires in tailor shops may be traced to the so-called dry cleaning of clothes. A rag dipped in naphtha is frequently used in removing grease spots from garments. The rag soaked with inflammable fluids is thrown upon the floor.

When the shop is closed up and the air is confined the naphtha soaked material will of itself generate fire. Bales of cotton placed in the hold of a ship are often the cause of disastrous fires. Frequently a spark from a cigar finds a resting place in a cotton bale, where it smolders for weeks.

One of the most prolific causes of tenement house fires is the dark hall. Frequently persons come in after night and strike matches in order to find their way. In many cases their senses are befuddled with drink, and the burning match sticks are thrown upon the floor. Here the matches may come in contact with greasy matting or with bits of paper and start a fire which smolders for hours and in the early morning spreads through the house. Rainy days cause all manner of fires. It is the custom of the housewife to hang wet garments in the kitchen when the weather conditions will not admit of the drying of the family wash in the yard or upon the roof. Frequently she leaves the damp clothes hanging in the kitchen near the stove. The garments dry out during the night, and becoming lighter are easily blown against the stove by draughts of air. They take fire and before many minutes the whole kitchen is in flames.

Frequent recommendations have been made by the chiefs of city fire departments that the swinging gas bracket be abolished by law. Whenever the authorities get a chance they order such brackets to be removed or made stationary. Hundreds of fires have been caused by the carelessness of persons who left these swinging brackets in such a position that the flame could come in contact with lace curtains. With a special reference apparently to causing as many fires as possible the gasfitter too frequently puts a swinging bracket where he knows the housekeeper will wish to hang a lace curtain. The combination of curtain and bracket is often fatal.

One of the most active causes of fires is the mantel decoration. In many homes a silken scarf is hung from the mantel itself. Whenever there is a fire in the grate there is danger of the flimsy scarf taking fire. In tenement houses small stoves are often placed before the mantel. The mantel shelves are none the less duly decorated with yards of embroidered and tinseled cloth; in many cases this decoration has caught fire from the stove, fallen to the floor and ignited fat soaked carpet or matting. In some houses there are wardrobes and clothes closets near the chimneys. The clothing hung behind the closed doors and subjected in the winter time to a steady beat from the chimney is liable to combustion.

In places where chemicals are kept the varieties of fires are almost countless. Comparatively innocent substances in themselves may come in contact and generate heat sufficient to start a lively blaze. One of the Atlantic freighters came to port recently with a cargo composed of crude chemicals and cotton. There had been an explosion of acids and a fire. It seemed impossible to check the flames, which had communicated to the cotton. The fire, however, generated heat sufficient to liberate the chlorine from a quantity of bleaching powder. The chlorine materially aided in keeping the fire in check, although its suffocating fumes nearly caused the death of some of the sailors who went into the hold to fight the flames.

In the storage of all kinds of materials too much care cannot be exercised. The fact must be taken into consideration that where air does not circulate the chances of fire are greatly increased. The observance of the simple rules laid down by fire departments would frequently obviate the necessity of investigating the origin of mysterious fires. Investigation shows that less than one per cent. of "suspicious" fires are the result of deliberate attempts to destroy property.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Naming the Czars.

It has been a tradition since the time of Nicholas I. to name the Czarowitzes alternately Alexander and Nicholas. But the murder of Alexander II. caused his name to be considered unlucky, so there will be no more Alexanders on the Russian throne, as there will be no more Pauls or Peters. The Czarowitz was, therefore, named Alexis, after the father of Peter the Great. He was a powerful and successful ruler.—New York Tribune.

HORTICULTU

CLEAN OUT THE ORCH

While driving over the countr many orchards that are a n weeds. These, if allowed to re the ground until winter, will rabbits, mice and other pests t ruin or badly injure many of th especially if they are small. allow these weeds to ripen se get after them with a mower o at once. They will make a goo to shade the ground during months. An old stack bottom used to better advantage than ing it about the trees in the orc forestry for mulching.

Imitate nature as much as in securing forest conditions in chard, by keeping the soil well with mulch or some growin that can be worked back into t Where early potatoes or garde has been grown and harveste best to sow rape or turnip seed will soon cover the field and thu a sun protection in the fall, holding snow, keep the groun exposure during the winter. seen many fruit trees that were last winter because of root- which might have been avoi mulching and growing a late c tween the rows for winter prote

Don't allow these misfortu cripple your courage, but glean information possible from sources regarding the orchard a ply the "try, try again" motto.

FALL PLANTING PREFERE

I prefer fall planting. The soi in the best possible condition, w surface soil fine. The orchard out with the utmost care to g rows absolutely straight. I use painted stakes. Stakes are each end of the row. I then go of the stakes and sight. A man other end changes stakes if n Sight with both eyes to ave eye. When the stakes are exact position I take a board t long and six inches wide, with in exact middle of each end another in the middle of the o

A horseshoe-shaped hole is from side of board in middle. board is used to find the exact s digging the hole. The hole is d rectly under the horseshoe. The board is used in setting the tree, ing the tree against the horse Set the tree so it will slant a lit wards side of prevailing wind that as it grows the wind will st en it. I would rather the tree lean the first five years tha forty-five.

Carefully work very fine earth the roots. Mound up about eac and protect with wire screen. orchard with hoed crops for five and thus insure thorough cultiv Then mulch for three or four and then cultivate again.—W. J. berlain, in the American Cultivat

FLOWERS AND FRUITS

Several letters have come t touching on bedded plants and w do with them. One woman rea The Tribune says: "I cannot po keep my cannas through the w This year I have a splendid colle and now the frost has touched and they must be stored, or leave them out, without trying them through the winter?" I about given up the storage of c myself. I lose them three time of four, although years ago I h difficulty with them when stored potato bin. New varieties can t tained in the spring, and old var so very cheaply that, like most bedding plants, I leave them ou repurchase when needed. The plan that can be adopted with plants which we desire to keep th the winter is to bed them out in pots. Fuchsias, and geraniums lantanas and begonias, with a salvias, will help us through the w If you have a bright south wi use it for geraniums; if a brigh window, use it for heliotrope and sias; if a bright north window, with your begonias and similar tropicals. I always keep my and orange and similar plants study window. These are able t dure a good deal of sun or will without much sun. They are healthy and wholesome and beautiful. I have managed in note to answer three or four correspondents. Another asks what to do with her eulalia or ese striped grass. Let it alone ground. It is absolutely hardy.— Powell, in Tribune Farmer.

They Are Brighter.

At a meeting of the phrenologi London Dr. Hollander said that ple suffering from slight inflamm of the brain were sometimes fa ter, brighter and more clever wh eased brains than under normal ditions.

Geese are driven to the great fair with their feet incased in boots to prevent injury.